

lumpy soil is unfavorable to the germination of seed not only, but is unfit for plant food should the seed chance to vegetate. Early growth is promoted by a good seed-bed, well prepared and a moderate firmness of soil is desired for the growth.

In the advancing state most advanced stage of the growth of the plant, horse-hoeing or hand-hoeing becomes necessary to keep the ground in a free and open condition, so that air and moisture can permeate the soil. Weeds must be eradicated and destroyed, which otherwise would take up the food of the growing crop.

DRAINAGE is an important part of thorough tillage, the latter being almost impossible in some soils owing to the neglect of the former. An excess of water in the soil renders labor more difficult, and crops less productive. As the water is drawn off by drainage, so does the air and the effects of the sun's rays make themselves felt beneath the surface of the ground. This is the condition of the soil improved and rendered productive. Plants under cultivation do not thrive in soil filled with stagnant water. The differences in the temperature of drained and undrained land is very marked. Cold, wet, tenacious soils must be drained by pipes, by the sun's rays employed in evaporating this stagnant water through the atmosphere, at a loss of warmth, necessary to make the crops grow.

In connection with methodical and thorough tillage, manure must be used according to the present modes of cultivation, however otherwise it might have been with the Chinese, Romans and Jethro Tull, stable measure, lime, plaster and artificial manures are beneficial to most soils. Drainage is essential in order to secure the best results from the application of manures.

The conditions that render land more productive in other words, what is most healthy for plants—make it more healthy for animal life. Good herdsmen good stock animals, good feed, good food makes rough, unproductive herds and flocks. Improper food predisposes animals to disease.

Through drainage, should, ay, must, therefore, precede thorough tillage, the first step in good farming. John Norton, near Geneva, N. Y., has clearly and forcibly demonstrated this by example as well as by precept.

WORCESTER AND THE COMING NEW ENGLAND FAIR.

No resident of New England needs to be told of the peculiar location of Worcester, so well described as "the heart of the Commonwealth" of Massachusetts, and few require any information respecting her exceptions and abundant facilities for the holding of a great fair of Agriculture. Like a spider at the heart of his web, whence he can run down instantly to any point on its circumference by his ready connections, Worcester sits at the centre of a system of railroads radiating over every part of New England; while the north and west south farmers may pour in their products for a common exhibition with wonderful ease and rapidity, and the multitude may gather in incalculable numbers at any signal of the kind that is worthy of being headed.

The city, hill-enclosed, is spacious and open, wearing that welcome look of hospitality which is characteristic of its inhabitants. The latter are enterprising and industrious in an exemplary degree, and have succeeded long ago in establishing for Worcester a reputation to be sincerely envied by every city in New England. Its central location in the State gives it manifest natural advantages, which it far surpasses citizens of Nine Towns. A review of a list of six New Books; The Epic of the Lion, John Cadogan, Part 3; Foreign Opinion on England in the East; Companions on the Road; Tantum; How Ministers were chosen; and Political Suspense. Published by the Leonard Scott Company, of New York.

The Flying Machine.—This curiosity in the way of invention and mechanism was, referred to in our last week's issue, and this week we are again compelled to speak of it. So far as its merits have been investigated by competent judges, they admit that the new invention probably answers the requirements of the practical.

It is not claimed for the machine that it will fly like a bird, but it is claimed to be able to ascend, descend, turn, etc.

The Flying Machine.—The Flying Machine.

—Charles Mathews, the venerable English comedian, is dead.

The Flying Machine in Wisconsin turns out to be a false alarm.

HAMS AND STRAWBERRIES.—Hams have advanced recently in the market, and one Boston first has two million pounds of them to be affected by the season.

—The Flying Machine in Wisconsin turns out to be a false alarm.

HAMS AND STRAWBERRIES.—There was a Rose Show in Horticultural Hall last week, and there this week there has been a Strawberry Show in the same hall. The former was for the benefit of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. People are a great deal more fond of exhibiting this character than they really confess to. It is interesting to study the play of features and the mutual competition of the various societies in this country, and it is a source of great interest to the visitor.

On Wednesday there was a limited exhibition of roses along with the strawberries, as there was likewise a collection of cherries, and some small flowers, and some new seedlings.

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The Poet's Corner

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLEBRE.

No drum-beat rolls
In dismal cedence, as they sadly bear
To his last rest the king who reigned o'er souls;
No pageant there;
Such as when disgraced princes die;
No funeral or bier; but, moving slow,
All heads uncovered as the dead goes by;
Mute, awe-struck, sorrowing, the mourners go
Through the hushed streets. In that more prae-
behalf
Than in the laurel crown and harp of gold.

Boister and age!

Death comes with the ripened showers, she
But takes not all; whereas to his rage;

Three things he leaves:

A memory that shall live for centuries,

And greater grow as lengths out the time;

The sorrow of good men, too deep for tears;

Thus from shadowy tombs; howling

rhyme.

Part of our language, to be said or sung

Wherever wander forth our English tongue.

Death keeps no clutch

On one whose lyre rang loud when those around

Exaved the strings with luctuous tone;

The man may die, the pest still survives;

Lives in his veins his soul forevermore;

For works, not years, are measures of men's

lives.

The years he had may be fourscore and four;

And yet the poet's age eternal be—

All that endures with such as he.

So sit him.

Give him a quiet grave in some lone spot;

He needs no shaft of somber granite, lest he be

forgotten.

His tomb is built high and founded deep;

His epitaph is this: Let none living weep

For one who steps to glory from the grave;

But rather joy that at fourscore and four,

The poet dies to live forevermore.

—The Independent

Ladies' Department.

THUSIE'S FOURTH OF JULY.

A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN.

It was different from any other Fourth of July. There wasn't a man, woman or child in Bayview whose birth didn't tingled with a patriotic glow. And the whole town was to be aisle of the birthday of our nation's liberty, but for the glorious anniversary of old Bayview town itself. One hundred years old on the 4th of July, Bayview had been in the least surprised if the old had still stood. It would only have been what ought to have happened on the 4th of July.

The day was everything that could be desired. Early the crowds began to assemble, and the village green was gay with the happy folk who came from every corner of the home. Was ever anything quite like it? The singers marching in the quieted side of the grove of fine maples just a little off of the front door, the swallows darting under the fingers of ambitious matrons and rosy-cheeked maidens; the grand new band, blaring and drumming so joyfully that fair-farm-maids came hurrying down the hill to look on in time; the little streamers of red, white, and blue besprang the harness; the big flag floating from the church belfry; the cannoneers firing away.

Thus just clasped her hands and sighed. Miss had run and raced herself to death, as she did every year from the first of March to the last. But, after a while, the pricks began to run up and down her legs—oh, if she could only sit still!—and then, straight away, she was not very comfortable after all, when the end came and the delighted people began to move about and draw long breaths again, and she could descend to the commonplace pleasures of an everyday romp.

"Thusie, come here!" called Sarah Jones. "I want to tell you, this is what I am. Not really, but I am. You know, and Sarah dragged Thusie off, and with an arm around her waist and persuasion in her voice she told of a secret, O, such a great one! She told of a secret, O, such a secret to the two or three other girls who were graciously allowed to join.

Sarah wanted them to say it for if didn't mean anything, the girls didn't repeat the secret, but they repeated the magic words.

"There now; I can tell you with some comfort," said Miss Sarah, seating herself on the grass in a sheltered nook which she had found near the closest stump. Joe had left open when he went for a walk, and was always a great favorite with the girls.

Thusie just clasped her hands and sighed. Miss had run and raced herself to death, as she did every year from the first of March to the last. But, after a while, the pricks began to run up and down her legs—oh, if she could only sit still!—and then, straight away, she was not very comfortable after all, when the end came and the delighted people began to move about and draw long breaths again, and she could descend to the commonplace pleasures of an everyday romp.

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